THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, August 22, 1808.

Statement of the Commerce of France with Italy, Piedmont, Savoy, and Switzerland.

THE very name of Italy, in whatever point of view it be regarded, creates ideas of grandeur. With respect to commerce, the mention of it brings to our minds the maritime powers of Venice and Genoa, their opulence and extensive connections with Europe, Africa, and Asia, even prior to the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope. We once more regard the great family of Medicis, their glory, and that of their native place, Florence; in short, our thoughts are directed to the purest climate and most fertile soil in Europe.

The contiguity of Savoy and Piedmont both to France and Italy, the facility of communication which results from their happy situation in respect to Switzerland, are combined circumstances which lead us to consider collectively the commerce of all Italy, and of the thirteen cantons with France, during the two epochs placed in parallel.

The imports into France from all those countries, at the conclusion of the reign of Louis XIV. amounted to the sum of 10,700,000 francs; and at the time of the revolution, to 82,000,000 francs. This augmentation is in the proportion of nearly as one is to eight.

The three classes into which these imports are divided, are as follow: 1st, Manufactures 16,300,000 francs, such as silk ribbons from Padua, thick crapes from Bologna, various silken stuffs, velvets, &c. from Genoa and Florence, and white and printed cottons from Switzerland. 2dly, Raw materials to the amount of 37,400,000 francs, nearly two thirds of this sum being for raw silk. 3dly, The produce of the animal and ve-

getable worlds 28,300,000 francs, of which 11,500,000 are paid for oil, the greater part being imported for the fabrication of soap.

The exports of France for all the aforesaid countries amounted, at the end of Louis XIV.'s reign, to 23,100,000 francs; and at the time of the revolution, to 78,300,000, which exhibits an augmentation in proportion as one is to three and a half.

These exports may be divided into five distinct classes, viz. 1st, Manufactures to the value of 30,800,000 francs. 2dly, Raw materials, and those which have undergone a primitive preparation, such as spun cotton, destined for Switzerland, the whole amounting to 11,800,000 francs. 3dly, Produce of the vegetable and animal worlds to the amount of 10,700,000 francs. 4thly, Wines and brandies to the value of 5,000,000 francs. 5thly, The commodities of the French West Indies, which amount to the sum of 20,000,000 francs.

By the result of this commerce it would appear, that France, in order to equalize the exchanges between herself and those countries, should pay a balance, annually, of 3,600,000 francs.

It will, however, be evident, on considering her commercial relations separately with some Italian powers, that the balance against her is even more considerable. Thus the two Sicilies draw infinitely less from France than they supply her with, and the only compensation which the latter may be said to receive results from her connection with Milan and Tuscany, where not only great sales of manufactured articles, but also of coffee and sugar are made on the part of the French.

The following is a list of the merchandises exported from France for Italy: Pepper, cinnamon, cloves, nutmegs, mace, cocoa, ginger, porcelain, Indian calicoes, muslins, cambrics, fine linen, woollen cloths, camlets, serges, Lyonese stuffs, mercery, hardware, millinery, Hærlem and Flemish white thread, vermillion, dye woods, madder, copper, brass, iron, lead, pewter, capers, the wines of Languedoc and Provence corn and other grain, the embroidered silken stuffs of Lyons and Tours, &c. &c.

Besides various silken stuffs, &c. peculiar to certain parts of Italy, this country sends to France, dried fruits, such as raisins, figs, almonds, &c. also lemons, limes, anniseed, alum, sulphur, steel, rice, manna, amber, turpentine, cream of tartar, fine lacker, paper, soap, perfumed gloves, snuffs of various kinds, essences, white marble in blocks, and marble slabs of all colours and qualities.

France exports for Switzerland, corn, hemp, salt of Lorraine and Franche Comté, Burgundy and Champaign wines, linseed oil, oak-tan of Franche Comté, vegetables, Provence oil, Marseilles soap, saffron, honey, almonds, olives, plums, capers,

pers, brandies, liqueurs and syrups, chiefly from Montpellier, dye woods, Lorrain wools, Alsace tobacco, iron, lead, Lyonese silken stockings and stuffs, hats, Abbeville and Labal cloths, serges, &c. of Rheims, millinery from Paris, camlets from Lisle and Flanders in general, indigo, sugar, vitriol, Roman alum, colonial and Levant coffee, gall nuts and gums, Spanish, Barbarian, and Levant silk, senna, and drugs in general, goat and shamoy skins, tobacco from Dunkirk, &c. &c.

In return, Switzerland sends to France, butter, cheese, skins, hides, leather, flax, small quantities of wine from the country of Vaud, clock work, toys, jewellery, watches, paper, especially that sort denominated " the fine paper of the arms of Basil," cottons, &c. &c.

An immense commerce is carried on between France and Italy by means of the Mediterranean; the merchandises employed in this branch of the trade between the two countries, are exactly similar to those of which we have already given an enumeration.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 48.

TO ANNABELLA.

I AM never happier, my charming girl, than when employed in your service; and nothing so forcibly stimulates me to the prosecution of my literary recreations, as the fond hope of contributing to your amusement. The following tale is written entirely for the purpose; and should I not succeed to the full extent of my wishes, your goodness will prevent your condemning what you cannot consistently applaud.

" How sweet is the return of evening to the toilsome sons of industry! How welcome to the weary traveller, when he views the mansion of hospitality with wide-extended doors! But, ah! how dear—how doubly dear to *him*, who, after a long and tedious absence, beholds the smoke ascending from his native village!" Thus whispered Edward to himself, as he approached the entrance of Glenmore valley—the peaceful scene of his boyish pastimes—the calm resort of virtue and contentment. Edward had been three years fighting in defence of his country; he had borne the brunt of battle with enthusiastic heroism; and beheld himself surrounded by storm-tossed billows, without experiencing a momentary impulse of fear. " Welcome," continued Edward, as he drew nearer the village, " thrice welcome, ye well-known cottages! I left you in the hour of affliction. Oh, what a torrent of tears ran

down the cheeks of my faithful Phillida, when I sighed out a long adieu! And my poor old parents too—how did they weep and lament, when falling on my knees I implored their blessing! But why these unpleasant recollections? In a few minutes, I shall rush into their arms, and dissipate their anxieties. In a few minutes—Oh my Phillida—my ever charming Phillida!" He could say no more, his feelings overcame him, and the enchanting prospect gave speed to his steps. And now he reaches the village; he rushes into his native cottage; he prepares for the parental embrace, and gazes earnestly around him. But, alas! all is drear and comfortless; the voice of transport greets not his return, and every object bespeaks desolation. The walls are clad with ivy, and the ceiling marked with the slimy tracks of the excursive snail; across the shattered window spreads the ensnaring web of the spider; and not a vestige of humanity remains.

Frantic with astonishment and horror, Edward fled from the melancholy spectacle; and as he left the door, was accosted by Colin, one of his youthful companions. "For Heaven's sake," cried Edward, eagerly interrupting him, "tell me, instantly tell me the reason of this dreadful change? My *parents!* oh! they are *dead*—they are for ever lost to my embraces! Wretch that I was to forsake them!" "Compose yourself, I beseech you," said Colin, "nor give way to unnecessary apprehensions. Your good parents are still alive, but," "*But*," exclaimed Edward, still dreadfully agitated, "but *what?*" "They are in—*prison*." After some distressing expressions of misery, the distracted youth permitted Colin to proceed.

"You had not long quitted the valley ere the lord of the manor arrived at the castle. Unlike his worthy father, who (blessings on his memory) was the guardian of the poor, and the protector of innocence, our present esquire stoops to the most diabolical acts of infamy. The charms of your faithful Phillida were too powerful to escape his observation; and, influenced by self-love, the pompous coxcomb looked on a conquest as a matter of course. But the terrified innocent repulsed his addresses with the greatest indignation. The progress of villainy, however, is not very easily restrained; or should it be accidentally impeded, the check is but of short duration; for, like the obstructed torrent that bursts its dam, forward it rushes with additional violence, spreading devastation on all sides. Finding all his artifices in vain, the wretch had the daring impudence to apply to your venerable parents for assistance; 'tis needless to say, they treated his proposals with contempt. In consequence of which he immediately turned them out of their cottage, and by means of false evidences, concerted a scheme, in which he has succeeded in

giving

giving them over to the horrors of a prison. Phillida was for a long time in a state of distraction, bordering on madness; she wept—she tore her hair—she even prostrated herself at the feet of the inhuman monster, imploring pity on the unhappy victims of his revenge; but alas! nothing less than the sacrifice of virtue would purchase their deliverance, and that was impossible. Finding her intercessions in vain, Phillida (I dread, Edward, to unfold the melancholy truth) Phillida left the valley clandestinely—to wander no one knows whither."

I don't pretend to say that these were the precise words of Colin, but such was the pith of his narrative. You may easily imagine what an effect this information had on the mind of our generous sailor. Without giving a moment to reflection, he hastened to the castle, and demanded an audience of its unworthy possessor, which, after some hesitation, was granted; but when he entered the presence of his enemy, his impetuosity hurried him beyond the bounds of prudence; and advancing to him with a firm and resolute deportment, he vented his rage in threats and imprecations. The servants in waiting, who had long been accustomed to the reward of infamy, having collected fresh forces from the kitchen, fell on the luckless Edward, and succeeded in overpowering him; not, however, without feeling the effects of a British sailor's indignation.

The next day our hero was examined before a bench of justices, and ordered to be taken to his vessel as a deserter, notwithstanding his producing a written permission from the captain, for a month's absence. But there *are* instances, I believe, even in this happy land of liberty, where the decisions of justice are more forcibly influenced by gold than by equity. The ship was at Portsmouth, and on the eve of sailing when the constables arrived there. They forthwith procured a boat and carried their prisoner off to her; but when the captain was informed of the circumstances of the case, Edward was instantly released, and ordered into the cabin, where his good commander listened attentively to his tale of sorrow; and, at its conclusion, swore vengeance on the brave sailor's oppressors. And whilst this confab took place in the cabin, the jolly tars were not idle on deck. Twice were the petty officers of justice soused into the sea, and afterwards pitched and feathered, in which state they were sent on shore like a brace of owls. The noble captain was sincere in his promise of redress, and Edward only lamented the impossibility of putting it into immediate execution.

But not to trouble you with a detail of the various minutiæ attending their departure from port, which took place in less than an hour after our hero's arrival, you must suppose an English 74 steering down channel with a fresh breeze from the east. Early the next morning a fleet was seen astern, beating

up

up channel against the wind, and which must have past them in the night. The captain gave orders to chace, and the ship was accordingly put about; and, being an excellent sailer, soon came up with the fugitives, which proved to be a convoy of Dutch Indiamen, under the protection of an 80 gun ship, and a frigate. English colours were hoisted, and a warm action commenced. Long was the fortune of the day doubtful. The Dutch fought with determined courage, 'till an accident happened that decided the contest. The frigate blew up, and every soul on board perished! This so daunted the others, that the Dutch flag was hauled down from the stern of the 80, and the English, after boarding her, succeeded in taking six sail of the Indiamen.

With this rich booty she again made the best of her way to Portsmouth, where, in less than four and twenty hours, she anchored, amidst the acclamations of a crowd of spectators. But, notwithstanding this unexpected capture, and the prize-money he would eventually receive, Edward was still miserable; his busy fancy depicted his aged parents stretched out cold and hungry on the bare ground of a prison; he thought they implored him to fly to their relief; he saw their hands lifted towards Heaven, and the tear of despair dropping from their furrowed cheeks. And then again, when the idea of Phillida flashed on his remembrance, a thousand hopes, fears, and vague conjectures, overwhelmed him. In this forlorn condition, about a week after their arrival, he reminded the captain of his promise; and a day was fixed on for a journey to the valley of Glenmore.

At the appointed time, the captain, Edward, and a trusty servant, all well armed and mounted, set out on their Quixotic expedition, during the first part of which every thing went on swimmingly; but when they came within a few hours ride of the valley, they were overtaken by a tremendous storm of thunder, lightning, rain, and wind. It unfortunately happened that this event took place on the approach of night, when they were in the midst of an extensive common, where no regular road was to be found. But sailors look on a land storm as a mere bug-bear to frighten the women, and they therefore continued their route without the least appearance of concern, 'till a glimmering light reminded them of their wet jackets, and the deviousness of the way. A council of war was accordingly held, and it seemed the general opinion that 'twould be wise to bear up for the *light-house*, and *cast anchor* 'till the morning. In a minute or two they were at the door, and did not hesitate to announce their arrival,

" Expecting quick admittance, to be sure—
But no!"

A rough voice from one of the chamber-windows told them there was no accommodation either for man or horse, and bade them, sarcastically, *a very good night.* "Avast, old Growler," exclaimed the captain, "if you don't *get* us a birth, we'll even *help ourselves* to one." So saying, our travellers fired a broadside at the door with the butt-ends of their whips; and were proceeding to still greater violence, when the sound of approaching wheels caused a cessation of hostilities. Up drove a splendid carriage at an uncommon rate; it stopped, the door opened, and out came a female supported by two masked attendants. On seeing the warriors, she shrieked aloud, intreating them to save her from ruin; nor did she intreat them in vain; the champions of innocence drew their swords, and soon put a large cavalcade of servants to flight, and took the masked villains into custody. The inn-door had been opened during the squabble, and in marched Edward supporting the fainting female, and the captain and his servant dragging the prisoners by the collar. But what was the astonishment of the party, when, on producing a candle, Edward beheld in the rescued female, his long-lost *Phillida.* An explanation took place, it was this:—

When Phillida left the vale (as Colin said, clandestinely) she was induced to it by two motives; the first, to escape the artifices of the lord of the manor; and the second, to endeavour to earn by servitude a sufficiency to release the parents of her Edward from prison. In the latter she succeeded, and returned to the valley to present the amount of her gains to the steward. The esquire heard of it, and immediately resolved to obtain by violence what he could not by solicitation. A scheme was concerted for that purpose, which providence thus miraculously crushed in its commencement, by throwing the captain's party in the way of the seducers.

As I fear your patience is completely harrassed, Annabella, I shall only add that the esquire was brought to justice, and paid a pretty round sum for his infamy; that the old sufferers are restored to liberty, Edward and Phillida married, and the brave captain delighted at the event of his excursion.

Your's, most devotedly,

X.

BON MOT.

SOME person having observed to the famous Jerome Bignon, that Rome was the mansion of piety, "Very true," replied Bignon, "but piety resembles some other great personages,—one can never find them at home."

LITERARY *and* DOMESTIC WIVES.

" Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good;
And good works in her husband to promote."

MILTON.

TO THE PRINTER,

SIR,

I was lately engaged in a conversation on a subject which appeared to me of such importance, that I could not forbear, when alone, throwing together the following reflections upon it. The thing discussed was " the respective conjugal merits of an accomplished or literary woman and a domestic one."

By an accomplished or literary woman, I would be understood one who, to a knowledge of music, dancing, drawing, singing, &c. joins an adequate acquaintance with the learned languages. She shall know Italian, French, Latin, and to be sure, a little Greek; she shall be able to blunder through Racine, mistake Tasso, sit still at Virgil, and tear Homer in a pet; she shall decline nouns like a school boy, and conjugate verbs like a boarding-school miss; she shall, lastly, be able to write essays with little labour, and compose sonnets on love extempore.

On the contrary, a domestic woman is, according to my motto, one who " studies household good, and in her husband good works to promote."

She is neither the enthusiast of Homer, nor the disciple of Plato. It is of little consequence to her whether Shakespeare be spelt with or without the *e*; whether Virgil had an asthma, or Horace rheumatic eyes. She is happy if she can render her husband so and her offspring.

" She asks no seraph's wing, no angel's fire,
To be, contents her natural desire."

In her domestic sphere of action she finds sufficient opportunities to gratify her heart with innocent recreations; and she leaves those studies, suited only to the conceptions of man, which would draw her aside from her *duty* and *obedience*.* But this character I shall draw more largely in its proper place, while we proceed to consider that of the literary woman.

She who binds herself by the most solemn vows to a man for life, and invokes the Almighty to ratify those vows, should tremble how she dares to violate them. She binds herself in the

* I think I see some of my female readers busily employed in razing out these two odious words, and substituting in their stead, *will* and *inclination*.

the presence of God and man, to " obey, serve, love and honour him, to keep him in sickness and in health, and, forsaking all other, keep only unto him!" What more solemn protestations can be made? Every excuse would be insufficient to palliate a breach in them, but *one*—when the husband, forsaking the laws of nature and reason, acts towards her without the feelings of a man. How rarely or how frequently soever this may occur, it is not my present intention to investigate. I shall only point out here the impossibility of a woman given to literary pursuits to fulfil the sacred functions of a wife and mother.

Every man knows that the happiness of marriage consists as much in the performance of those many little nameless attentions, as in the more immediate acts of duty. It would be idle and frivolous to insist here upon the common observation, that man cannot be truly happy without mutual intercourse with the female sex. If we consider *why* this is, the reason will instantly strike us. In the allotments of providence, man is placed in a scale of being wherein woman cannot appear. The labours of the field, of war, of commerce, of study, &c. are altogether incompatible with feminine weakness. All the wonders of art proceed from the labours of man! Our churches, temples, bridges, monuments, all are the effect of man's progressive industry. Hence our natures are more formed for such laborious exercises. And herein the wise designs of providence are wonderfully exemplified. What, if we were equally adapted for the nursery, the workroom, or the kitchen! What, if we were anxious to perform the several duties of those several places! How mean and contemptible compared with our present noble occupations! Who would rather pursue such, than the sublime researches into nature? Who would rather be thus employed, than to behold structures of magnificence form themselves beneath their hands, and science opening her treasures to their view? Why then was woman given to man? To perform those duties for which they are peculiarly qualified by nature. To soften our native ruggedness; to soothe our minds to harmony, and to divide with us the toils of life. She was not given to act beyond her sphere, or blindly to presume to what she is not adequate. A woman who cultivates the natural virtues of her mind, and does not deviate from nature into folly and presumption, may render herself with little trouble an object of adoration and of love. Of the truth of this there needs no argument to convince: every reader will immediately suggest to himself a thousand instances to verify it, and will feel a certain inward gratification that it is so. Otway has given a fine description of woman, and her cause of being here below:

"Oh woman! lovely woman!
Nature made thee to temper man!
Angels are painted fair to look like you!
There is in you all that we believe of
Heaven! Amazing brightness, purity,
And truth, eternal joy and everlasting
Love."—*Ven. Preser. Act* 1, *Sc.* 1.

If every woman would consider how sacred are their duties in the marriage state, how they offend against God in neglecting them, and how also they incur the censure and contempt of mankind by such neglect, there would, I conceive, be wanting no arguments to persuade them to a strict discharge of those duties. Can we contemplate in nature a more grand or pleasing object than a woman exercising herself in the double character of a wife and mother? Can there, in the whole scale of existence, occur a more noble, a more exalted sphere of action? Where can a woman shine with so much lustre as in the bosom of her family? Where do so many occasions offer themselves for the display of every virtue under heaven? How delightful is the task to instil into the pliant mind of infancy the first principles of love, piety, benevolence, justice, and charity! To fashion under your hands, perhaps, the future saviour of his country. What pen can describe the complicated feelings of a mother, when her infant joy rises to manhood, and grows, all that her most sanguine hopes could wish, or enthusiastic imagination form. Hail, happy mother! who thus reapeth the harvest of thy troubles! She, joyful, sees all those virtues in perfection, which cost her so many anxious hours to engraft. She sees him esteemed by his superiors, beloved by his equals, and respected by his inferiors. She beholds him ennobled and dignified by the exercise of manly and unerring virtue. A woman capable of rearing such a son, who can tell her joys? They are endless! She hourly receives new gratifications from objects apparently trivial! To smooth the pillow of languid illness warms her heart with rapture! To pour balm into the agonized bosom of woe exalts her into extacy! To dry the tears of suffering innocence, to strain to her bosom the victim of despair, to exhilarate with joy the child of penury, and to invigorate with health the corrupted with disease, fit her for Heaven and her God!

Can such bliss become the inmate of Faustina's heart? No. In her the feelings of a wife, a mother, and a friend, are blotted out by such superficial ones as are the effect of books. She would faint at the idea of leaving her dear authors to attend the bed of sickness or miseries of poverty. She never felt those sublime emotions which arise from contemplating the glow of convalescence in a husband, in a child, or in a friend!

She

She never watched with mute anguish the languid Heaven-bent eye of departing life—never smoothed its terrors—never whispered redemption, and a world to come! Could she clasp in the agony of affliction the cold clammy hand of death, press its bloodless lips, or weep upon its mute inactive lineaments? Could she by tender offices of love hush the departing soul, and quell its flutterings? Could she wipe the drops of agony which burst from the brow of struggling nature? Could she behold the outward workings of the soul forcing its way and impatient to be gone? No! In her the springs of natural affection are withered, and dried up by pretended stoicism. She would rather appear and act like a pseudo Spartan matron, than be thought possessed of feeling and humanity. Such a character, so just, and yet so despicable, bids me hold the pen; to aggravate it were needless, to extenuate it were folly. To it must be attached those exceptions from which nothing human is exempt, and its accuracy then admits of no dispute.

D.

June 4, 1808.

Anecdotes of Generals Dupont, Bessieres, and Junot.

OF the three generals commanding the principal armies of the Corsican tyrant, in Spain and Portugal, namely, Dupont, Bessieres, and Junot, the first only is a man of family. Dupont was aid-de-camp to the marechal de Broglio, as long ago as the year 1762, and acquired the esteem of that commander by his ability and talents. He is considered as one of the ablest officers in Bonaparte's service.

Bessieres, who has risen to the rank of a marshal, was son of an *accoucheur*, not far from Cahors, in the province of Quercy. At this time he is about 47 years of age, of a very libertine character. His devoted adherence to Napoleon is supposed to have conduced, more than his military capacity or services, to the elevation which he has attained.

Junot is a native of Orleans. His origin is too obscure to be traced; and, before the revolution, he was a private soldier in the French guards. At the siege of Toulon, early in 1794, he became first personally known to Bonaparte, who there commanded a detachment of the artillery. His aid-de-camp being killed close to his side, while employed in taking down a *process verbal*, or notes of the passing transactions, Bonaparte called out to send him instantly a person who knew how to read and write. Junot, then in the ranks, possessing these qualifications, was selected to fill the place of the aid-de-camp who had fallen. But scarcely had he written a few lines, which Bonaparte dictated, when a cannon ball, that tore

up the ground before them, filled their eyes with dust—"How fortunate!" observed Junot, with perfect composure, "I wanted some sand for my paper, and here it comes!" The *sang froid* with which this remark was made, attracted Bonaparte's attention, who certainly appears to have noticed and attached to him men of energy or capacity, from an early period of his political career. He demanded of Junot his name, and from that day retained him near his own person. He has risen under his master to the summit of revolutionary honours, dignities, and emoluments. At this time he is governor-general of Portugal, colonel-general of the hussars, a general on the staff, governor of Paris, and duke of Abrantes, one of the most ancient extinct Portuguese titles. His income, including the lands assigned him in Poland, does not fall short of 17,000l. sterling a-year.

Junot is in the vigour of his age, of a figure uncouth and vulgar; his face seamed with scars, and his manners corresponding with his external appearance. He married, nevertheless, a few years ago, an Albanian princess; and he is considered as an officer of considerable ability.

An Experiment on Soap Suds as a Manure.

By Mr. G. Irwin, of Taunton, with Remarks by the Rev. Thomas Falconer.

A Few years since, (says this writer) my attention was attracted by the soil of a garden reduced to a state of poverty, very unfriendly to vegetation. An invigorating manure was necessary, but such a stimulus could not easily be procured. Considering upon the means, it occurred that possibly some trivial advantage might be derived from the oil and alkali remaining in the water after washing, commonly called soap-suds. Pits were immediately dug, and the contents of the washing tubs after they were done with, emptied into them; as washing succeeded washing, other pits were dug and filled, so that a whole garden, a small portion excepted, was watered and enriched. Upon the spot purposely neglected, vegetation (says the writer) is still languid, while the residue of the garden, invigorated by suds only, annually exhibits a luxuriance almost equal to any thing this fertile neighbourhood can produce. We have known this kind of manure, and even another kind of domestic lye, applied with success to the roots of the vine.

But the mixture of an oil and an alkali has been more generally known than adopted as a remedy against the insects which infect wall fruit trees. It will destroy the insects which have

have formed their nests and bred among the leaves. Used in the early part of the year it will prevent insects from settling upon the leaves. It is also preferable to the lime water, or wood ashes and lime, because lime loses its causticity by being exposed to the air. The only difficulty is in the mode of applying it. Mr. Speechley in his treatise on the vine, directs it to be poured from a ladder out of a watering pot, over both trees and wall, beginning at the top of the wall, and bringing it on, in courses from top to bottom. The Rev. Mr. Falconer thinks, a considerable extent of wall may be washed by means of a common garden pump, in a short time, as often as a supply of suds, &c. can be had; or a quantity of pot-ash of commerce dissolved in water may be substituted. Washing the trees and the wall twice a week for three or four weeks in the spring will sufficiently secure the fruit from the injuries of insects. This, upon the whole, he thinks a valuable manure, as it can be easily obtained, at a small expence, and in large quantities; and when its nature is understood, will probably be no less esteemed than horse-dung. To the gardener as well as the farmer, mixed with mould, it is also useful as a fertilizing compost.

Present State of Religion in the Low Countries.

THE people of Flanders, and the ancient province of Hainault, have been celebrated for ages back for their scrupulous attachment to the catholic church; and have not allowed protestants to appear publicly within their borders, unless they were countenanced by an imperial decree.

There are no protestants in the department of Jemmappes (Hainault), except what reside in the neighbourhood of the coal-pits. There they are pretty numerous. In all the principal towns, where they are in great numbers, societies have been formed. The number necessary, in order to ground a demand on the state, is five thousand souls, who are not required to reside in the same place; if contiguous villages, or towns unite, they may have a preacher among them, and a building is given from the churches, or chapels, that were suppressed at the revolution. None are permitted to hold that office in the protestant church of France, but those who are educated at Geneva; the salary is 1200 livres per annum. A number of these societies united compose a synod; and all the synods are under the supreme direction of the general consistory at Paris.

The regulation of the catholic church is precisely the same. No step whatever can be taken by the bishop, or even by the general council, without the approbation of Bonaparte, not

even

even a curate appointed. There is at present a greater want of catholic, than of protestant clergy. Since the concordat, the salaries have not been generally paid by the state; but have been regularly in arrears, and often not paid at all. It has been said with confidence, that the emperor finds the burden of the priests so heavy, and his demands of a military nature so much more important, that he has it in serious contemplation to re-establish the tythes, and to get rid of it altogether. The present servants of the altar have but poor prospects of worldly gain, and a very small quantum in actual possession. Many of them go through a whole service for twenty-pence, and often are not paid at all. Every exertion, indeed, is made by the priests to recover the splendour of their religious services. A few silver saints have been cast, and some new laced petticoats have been put on the virgin; the altars have been decorated afresh; all the relics and images have been collected from the wreck of the revolution, and the old processions instituted anew, in those towns where no protestants assemble to worship.

Agreeably to the old order of things, they eagerly embrace every pretence that their religion offers to gaiety. They fail not to commemorate the day sacred to the saint who presides over their street, or their alley; dress up an altar to his name, and invite their friends to partake of their merriment. Men are stationed with bags, to collect money of passengers in the name of St. Peter, or St. Paul, and it is spent in the pot-house, or upon a neighbouring green. It is certain, that no kind of veneration now attaches to the sovereign pontiff.

The practice of confession often affords an opportunity for the discovery of irregularities and thefts; things stolen are often retrieved by the threat of ecclesiastical censure, and of the divine displeasure. The main body of the catholics have never seen the Bible! It is the principle of their teachers, that they cannot understand its contents; and that the only portion necessary for their information is the historical part. They have, therefore, a "history of the Bible," which they put into the hands of all their young people. In this are contained the lives and characters of its heroes and saints, with the comments of the fathers upon them. The protestants do not appear to have any particular want of Bibles; or, if they have it is their own fault, as they are to be had from Switzerland, or Holland.

The prayers of the church of Rome are said by the priests in Latin; but it is customary for the people to have a prayer-book, with Latin on one side, and French or Flemish on the other; and they repeat in their own language, while the priest repeats in Latin. Once on the Sunday, and sometimes twice, a sermon is delivered, in the language of the country; but

but it is not deemed so much a duty to attend the instructions of the pulpit, as to join in the service of the altar.

No convents are allowed at present. Many of the priests and nuns, whose qualifications to educate youth have appeared satisfactory to the prefects, have had convents given to them free of rent, on the promise of teaching a number of poor children gratis. At the dissolution of the convents, pensions were appointed to the monks and nuns; they were allowed from two to five hundred livres, but these have been generally ill paid, or not paid at all.

It may not be amiss to mention, as connected with the affairs of religion, the charitable institutions. These have been organized anew since the reign of Bonaparte, and are now on a most respectable footing. The hospitals are large, and well supported; one for the civil, and another for the military department, in every principal town. In some places these are united in an old abbey, or other large range of buildings. The orders of nuns, also, still exist, whose occupation was the benevolent office of nursing the sick. There are also some institutions revived, for the maintenance of the old and infirm, as well as for the diseased in mind. In every department is an orphan school for poor children. In that of Mons there are never less than five hundred, and often many more where they are brought up in industry, taught to read and write, and placed out as apprentices to that working trade which they prefer.

There are also foundling hospitals. At Mons there are nearly a thousand children in the hospital; and the number of these hospitals being considerable, they must give a large accession of physical strength to the republic. There is also in each town a public work-house. All kinds of works are carried on there, and a good dinner of soup and bread is provided. The poor who live in the town may go there for their work and their loaf, and return in the evening to their houses, with the money they have gained. All who can work are employed, and the little ones are put into a room together, where they are attended by the aged, who are past labour.

The *sœurs de la charité*, whose profession leads them to attend on the sick, have lately received considerable encouragement, from the policy of Bonaparte. They are no longer to be under the controul of the supervisors of hospital establishments, like servants; nor to be obliged to sit at the same table with the servants, as if they were servants to such institutions. They are to be allowed to possess establishments of their own, with administrators of their own property; and they are to be at liberty to form regulations for their own conduct. They have also obtained a few houses as settlements, and appear to be greatly favoured: but not, if our conceptions be correct,

beyond their deserts. They endured both sufferings and contumely during the madness of the revolution, with constancy; and proved themselves to be, even beyond their power, the friends of the destitute, and the support of the afflicted, in defiance of danger.

The number of foundlings in France, is a distressing consideration to morals; and the accession of physical strength which they afford to the republic is a nullity; as the proportion of deaths exceeds that of those who live to maturity. Had they been born in wedlock, this proportion would have been decidedly reversed.

PEWS IN CHURCHES.

STOWE says, that about the year 1520, half of the church of Saint Andrew Undershaft was rebuilt by Stephen Gennings, mayor of London, "and the pewes in the south chapell made of his costs, as appeareth in every window, and upon the said pewes."—(Surv. Lond. p. 109, Edit. 1599, 4to.)—That is, he furnished the south chapel with a set of uniform benches, or *subsellia*, for the general use of the parishioners. Before the reformation benefactions were often bequeathed for seating a church in this manner. Blomfield cites legacies about the year 1502, for *stolyng* various parts of the church of Swafham, in Norfolk, the choir being fitted up with stalls.—(Hist. Norf. iii. 511.)—That is for stooling, or benching, various parts of the church. Particularly for making "all the gret *stolys* of both sydes the myd alley"—(p. 512.)—Lord Bacon somewhere says, that Sir Thomas More when at mass sate in the chancel, and his lady in a pew. He means, that she sate in one of the common parish seats, without, and in the nave. Weever, who lived in the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, speaking of epitaphs on the pavements of churches in and about London, has the following passage: "Many monuments are covered with seates or pewes, made high and easie for parishioners to sit or sleepe in, a fashion of no long continuance, and worthy of reformation."—(Fun. Mon. p. 701. Edit. 1631.)—See Warton's Hist. of Kiddington, p. 5.

BON MOT.

AN abbe, who was very large and fat, coming late in the evening to a city, and meeting with a countryman, asked him if he could get in at the gate. "I believe so," says the peasant, looking at him jocosely, "for I saw a waggon of hay go in there this morning."

AN ANECDOTE.

A German baron travelling through Italy merely for the purpose, as he declared, of tasting the good things of it, had sent before him a servant who was perfectly acquainted with his master's taste in wine. This man had a list of the stages and hotels at which he was to stop, and was directed, that where he found the liquor good, he should simply write, with a piece of chalk, on the outside of the house, the word "est," as the baron said, that unless he saw this mark he would not suffer his baggage to be taken from the chaise, but would instantly proceed. The fellow found out a house where the wine was good; he obeyed his instructions, and the baron having observed the mark, ordered apartments to be kept for him, as he intended stopping for a week.

When he had completed this time, he again went on, observing the same rule, and at last came to an inn where his harbinger, in token of the superior merit of the wine, had chalked up "est, est." The baron instantly ordered lodgings for a fortnight. When he arrived at Montepulcino the baron noticed, with no small joy, that there were no less than three "ests," and immediately resolved to pass the season there. Excessive drinking, however, threw him into a fever, and he died. His servant buried him with all the pomp due to his rank, and having placed a tombstone over him, was told that an inscription was necessary, and he accordingly hit upon the following:

"EST, EST, EST,
Propter nimium EST,
Dominus meus non EST."

Thus fell a victim to luxury and intemperance a nobleman of considerable fortune, which rightly used, would have entitled him to respect, and made him comfortable in himself.

Answer, by W. Backhouse, of Evercreech, to P. Ninnis's Question, inserted April 11.

THE result of $158 \times 158 \times .7854 = 19606.7256$ feet, or 1 rood, 32.01736 perches, the area of the green; and $158 \times .70710678 = 111.72287$ feet, the side of its inscribed square.—Q. E. D.

☞ Similar answers have been received from James Barrow Stoey, of Shaftesbury; G. Harvey, jun. of Plymouth; and G. Spry, of Egg Buckland. Answers nearly, but not exactly right, have been received from several other persons.

Answer, by J. Saunders, of Exeter, to J. Osborn's Charade, inserted June 20.

WHEN hostile armies combat in the field,
On vict'ry bent, determin'd not to yield,
GUNPOWDER gives the dreadful ball its force,
And wings its onward thro' its airy course,
To where, Oh fatal thought! it strikes the blow,
And lays the brave, undaunted warrior low.

*** Similar answers have been received from John Woodman, of North-Curry; J. Osborn, J. Treadwin, and Typographus, of Exeter; R. Loosemore, Tiverton; J. Melhuish, and W. D. Champion, Bridgewater; W. G. of Gittisham; J. Tucker, of Ottery; H. Easter, of Poole; R. Withall, of Plymouth; J. Colley, of St. German's; William Courtis, of Upton Pyne; and C. Crews, of Newton Abbot.

Answer, by J. Saunders, of Exeter, to J. Trood's Charade, inserted June 27.

WHEN genial showers refresh the thirsty ground,
The RAINBOW often in the clouds is found.

† Similar answers have been received from Frederic Arden, of South Petherton; J. Melhuish, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; H. Easter, of Poole; J. Tucker, of Ottery; W. Kent, of Camelford; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; W. G. of Gittisham; J. Osborn, and Typographus, of Exeter; G. Trenchard, Bampton; T. Pearse, Chard; J. Colley, of St. German's; J. Medland, and G. Oades, of Knacker's Hole; R. Withall, of Plymouth; G. Spry, Egg Buckland; Philo Musæus, Yeovil; J. Prinn, a fifer in the South Devon militia; J. W. of Charmouth; and W. Courtis, of Upton Pyne.

Answer, by J. Melhuish, Bridgewater, to H. Easter's Rebus, inserted June 27.

THE LOTTERY you mean I guess,
That I am right you will confess.

☞ We have received the like answer from J. Osborn, Typographus, and J. Saunders, of Exeter; W. D. Champion, and J. Trood, of Bridgewater; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; J. W. of Charmouth; and J. Woodman, of North Curry.

A REBUS, *by W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater.*

A Beauteous vale in Thessaly declare,
Where gods and goddesses did erst repair;
Two-fifths you'll next discover of a name,
That's given to my whole, ye wits of fame.

When gloomy night extends her murky shades,
And blust'ring Boreas ocean's face pervades;
When surges swell, and howling whirlwinds rise,
And vivid lightnings flash across the skies;

When dreadful thunders rumble thro' the air,
The wretched seaman's fill'd with wild despair,
Whilst by my whole his shatter'd bark is toss'd,
Then stands appall'd, and gives up all for lost.

POETRY.

POETRY.

ODE, ON BEHOLDING A CANDLE NEARLY EXTINGUISHED.

The Taper represented as emblematical of Life.

THE yet expiring taper glows,
Yet casts a dismal light around,
Each object that it feebly shews,
Display'd in melancholy ground,
Appears a face of dusky hue to wear,
Like a poor mortal's face o'erwhelm'd with dark despair.

Emblem of man's imperfect state,
Of life's progressive, dreary scene;
Where each untoward storm of fate
Hangs lowring o'er the bright serene.
Why should he aim at regal power,
Or wish to court ambition's ray?
The sun that gilds the present hour,
The next may fade in clouds away:
Why should he wish such fleeting joys to share,
Empires must fall, and worlds dissolve in air?

In early youth, in nature's spring,
We like the kindling flame appear,
Whilst the revolving seasons bring
Their sweets to grace the passing year,
'Till in the ripen'd vigour of our days,
We shine in beauty's pride, the taper's cheerful blaze:

While in the smiling bloom of youth
We view the verdant scene around,
And nobly proud in conscious truth,
We dance along the fairy ground;
The moments pass in measures gay,
One constant round of fond delight;
We dream throughout the live long day,
And wake but with the shades of night;
Why should we hope a state of bliss to find
Whose number'd hours are fleeting as the wind?

Now passing thro' this chequer'd way,
Where storms and hurricanes assail,
We yield ourselves to sorrow's sway,
Or daring fate we brave the gale,
Regardless of the elemental strife,
The temp'rate blaze illumes the ardent noon of life.
Great is the man whose daring soul
Can brave the ghastly smiles of death.
Can hear terrific thunders roll,
See stricken nature gasp for breath;
Unshaken by the dreadful roar,
He views the whole with placid mien;
His efforts rocks repel no more,
And mountains cease to intervene;
Why should he wish to gain the mountain's brow,
Whose heights are covered with eternal snow?

Life is a thorny path at best,
Compass'd with hills, and nobly rude,
Where wolves annoy, and thieves infest,
A scene of sad vicissitude;
And care subsides, and day succeeds to night,
The taper, dimm'd awhile, emits a clearer light.

What tho' misfortune's baleful train
Awake the sad, desponding sigh;
She smiles malignantly in vain,
For hope, enchanting hope, is nigh.
See thro' the clouds that float in air,
The little azure speck of day;
Thus joy, succeeding to despair,
Resumes the dark embosom'd way:
Yet wherefore hail the sweetly temper'd sky,
Since nature's works, and nature's self must die?

At last fatigu'd with length of years,
We long to quit the narrow vale;
To bid adieu to hopes and fears,
And fly a happier clime to hail;
The lamp of life emits its parting gleam,
We close in nature's sleep our mortal dream.

For the WEEKLY ENETRTAINER.

Verses occasioned by Reflecting on the Commotions that at present distract the World.

LO what a scene the earth presents!
From pole to pole contentions reign;
Each month produces dread events,
Which break the more the social chain.

Even now how neighbouring nations rage,
And shake with effervescence dire;
With blood more deep they stain the age,
And raise more fierce of war the fire.

Ev'n now the widow's wail I hear,
"My husband I shall see no more."
Now dying shrieks assail my ear,
Of thousands welt'ring in their gore.

Ev'n now amidst night's sullen gloom,
The mingled cries of woe extend:
A sister mourns a brother's doom;
A friend laments his murder'd friend.

Oh! when on earth will dove-ey'd peace,
With all her heavenly train be found?
When bid the rage of battle cease,
And hush the drum's unpeaceful sound?

With the fond hope to see the day
When peace and love shall reign below,
And tyrants turn to kindred clay,
My tears awhile shall cease to flow.

PHILO MUSÆUS.

Yeovil, August 1, 1808.